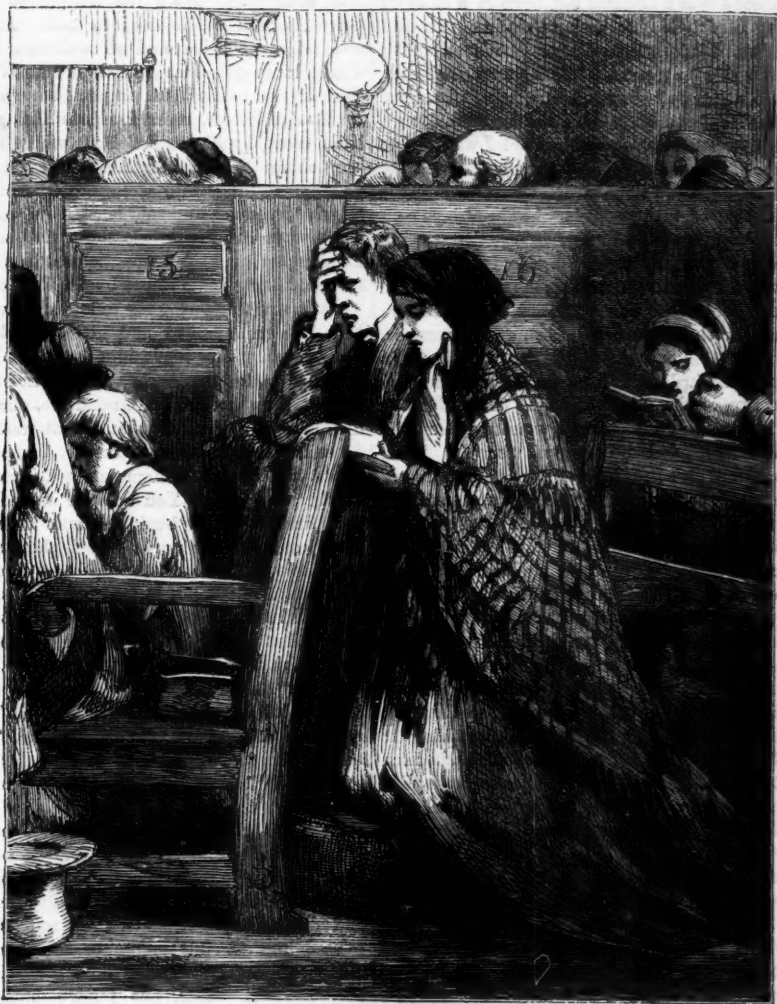


THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 21, 1867.



(Drawn by JOHN GILBERT.)

"And we kneeled down, hand-in-hand."—p. 211.

A CHRIST-CHURCH SERMON.

PLEASANT life on the river? Yes, sir, so it is; I've been in the Indies, and almost all round the world, and I'm none the less content to be captain of a Gravesend boat. It's a quiet life, sir, and a regular one, and, sitting up here, I can see the passengers, and they are always a change, though the shores and the buildings are the same. And one might do worse service for

one's fellow-creatures than take them out for a blow on the river, and bring 'em back all tight and tidy.

Ay, sir, there's the *Dreadnought*: I shall miss that when the Government people take it away. I was in her once, God bless her!

You see I was a London lad, born in a close off Watling Street. My father and mother both died when I was a little one, and I was got into Christ's Hospital. I'd only one sister, ten years older than me: she was a well-educated girl, and had a place in some West-end shop, so I had no home to go to except in her heart, and, bless her! I was always welcome there. She had not time to be with me on those days when they turned the boys into the streets to fend for themselves, but she always contrived to send me a shilling or two, so that I never wanted a dinner, as some did. And she used to plan where I should go telling me she would like to hear about some new curiosity in the British Museum or the picture galleries, or, in summer, she wished to know about the improvements in Kensington Gardens, and so on. And generally one or two of the others thought they might as well join me, and I shouldn't wonder it kept us out of mischief, and did us good as well. Then before I went in at night, she generally managed to meet me in Holborn or the Strand, and we went up and down quiet streets to have a talk, and she kissed me in the twilight, and very particular I was to be in a shady place, for I was ashamed of people seeing, though I wouldn't have gone without those kisses for the world. Bless you, I could feel them on my cheek for days after!

Bessie came to Christ Church every Sunday morning when it did not rain. She used to sit in the side aisle, in the sideways seats, so that she could see the gallery. That was something to look forward to all the week. Boys' friends often came to Christ Church, some of them quite stylish people, who looked in the empty old place, like a fashion book on a dusty file. I often wished Bessie could have gay silks like theirs: once I told her so, but she said, quite flushing—

"Tom, if I could, you wouldn't be in a charity school." And I always remembered that, when any of the rest boasted of well-to-do fathers and fine houses.

It was soon settled I should go to sea. The doctors said I had the right constitution for it; and the masters knew I'd no particular head for learning. Bessie didn't make any fuss, as I feared she would. But after that, she came to Christ Church every Sunday, wet or dry. And I remember her face got curvier the wrong way, though she didn't seem thinner. But I did not think anything of that then.

There was some one else who used to look out for her besides me. One of our Grecians at that time was Richard Whyte; and all the college was

proud of him, he was such a clever chap. The other boys always wondered why he took notice of me, who was so different in every way. I wondered too. On holidays he would go with me to Greenwich, and sit all day on One-Tree Hill, and walk home along the Strand to Bouverie Street, where Bessie used to wait. At first he took no notice of her, and we could hear his heavy shoes clump off, as we went down into Whitefriars to make our talk a little longer. We used to turn up Bridge Street, cross Ludgate Hill, go up the little court by Stationers' Hall, where the trees are, along Paternoster Row, and through the passage leading into Newgate Street. There Bessie kissed me, and said her parting words; but she always came out into the street, and shook hands again; and there was Richard Whyte waiting for me, having come round by the thoroughfares.

At last, with hearing my talk, she grew to know him like, and smiled and nodded to him when she met us, which made him go off double quick, and very red. But one day, after hearing some story of how he had befriended me, she held out her hand, and thanked him. That wasn't in the Strand, but at Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn. Bless you, he walked home so fast, it nearly took my breath away. You see she was older than him, and being in business, and about in the world, and he shut up at school, she fancied him quite a boy, and never thought— Poor fellow!

He used to sit and look at her in church. We had a dull parson doing exchange duty at the time, and I often grumbled, and the first that ever made me notice about Richard and Bessie, was his saying, "At any rate there is always one good sermon preaching in Christ Church." And I said, I didn't know where. Said he, "In your sister's face, Tom. God's love exceeds all human love, and when one thinks of hers, it teaches us how vast is his."

I think Richard was a poet, sir. If so, perhaps it was as well he was taken away. It was settled he should go to college, so he took a little holiday before he went. And in that holiday he sickened and died. Rapid decline, they said it was. I missed him terribly—most of all when I went alone to meet Bessie, and during services. I'm only a rough sailor, but I have fancies of my own. When we miss the dead so sharply, that we feel almost like crying out after them, then I fancy they are present in the spirit, and calling to us with voices that our souls can hear through our veil of flesh. It may not be so, sir, but still it may.

Well, I was put to sea, and went abroad. I did not grieve very much to leave Bessie, for after Richard's death, I made friends with lads who did not improve me. The captain I sailed under was a hard man, and when I got to America, I ran

away, I don't want to say much about the next ten years, sir. It's pleasing to remember hardship, they say, but it's bitter to remember sin. It seems strange, doesn't it, that some of those who've done most honour to the old school were forsaken by kith and kin? and here was I, with a good woman planning and praying for me, I turned out bad. There were others, of course, getting on, and wishing they had some one to rejoice in their prosperity, while I was only too glad my sister did not know where I was, and couldn't guess how bad things were. Somehow, it's often so. God seems determined that sinners shall always have a loving hand ready to call them back to him.

So time went on, sir, and when I was six-and-twenty I didn't look much younger than I do now. At times I fancied I'd like to die, and I've come down to the wharves about Bankside, and looked in these very waters. But I always came away. For one thing, I thought if *she* was alive, I needn't go and fling myself where my dead body might be washed up at her very feet. So I just went on, making short voyages, for I hadn't strength for long ones, until at last I was laid up on board the *Dreadnought*.

That was a weary time. I kept my bed for weeks, hearing scarce any sound but sick men's voices, and the splashing waves outside. At last I crawled on deck. It was a fine day in early autumn, and the river was quite gay with craft of all sorts and sizes. Presently there passed a steamer, filled with London folk out for a breath of fresh air, and among them was a little fair-haired Blue-coat boy, all alone. You don't know how I felt. They came up, things I'd quite forgotten, the very sunlight on Bessie's face, sitting in the sideways pews. I couldn't stay on deck, but went below and lay down, and cried—cried like a child. There were one or two fellows saw me, rough, swearing men as any on the seas; but in my misery I couldn't help telling them about it. Did they laugh, sir? Not they! One of them began to wonder if his old mother was alive, and the other stood stock still a bit, and then went to his chest and got out a book. Presently I smelt something sweet, and turning my head, found he had laid a little dried crimson flower on my pillow. "She gave it to me," he said, "the girl I was to have married; but the foul disgrace came to me, and it could not be." He gave two great, tearless sobs, took it up and put it away again.

In a week or two I left the *Dreadnought*. I had only a few shillings, and I went into a common lodging-house in Ratcliff. But the hunger after old times was strong within me, and the very first Sunday morning I crawled up to Newgate Street. It was much changed, made broader, and old houses replaced by new ones. But about

the church porch it was exactly the same, and I entered softly, and went to the sideways pews. I did not know where Bessie was, I feared even to seek her, but it seemed a little comfort to sit in her old seat, and the great, strange chequered windows looked like familiar, friendly faces. Presently the boys came in, and I bowed my head and *wished*—I dared not pray, then, sir—that not one of them should ever come back such an outcast as myself. Then service began, and I stood up and looked round. On the back free seat of the middle aisle sat a lady, very quietly dressed, with a gleam of golden hair shining through her black lace veil. I knew her. It was Bessie.

For some minutes I stood still, like one struck. Then a sudden impulse seized me, and I stole out, re-entered the other door, and softly took a seat beside her.

She looked blankly at me for one moment, and then the old sweet smile burst out upon her face, and I knew she welcomed me! As in a dream I heard the clergyman read—

"Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me—"

And we kneeled down, hand-in-hand. And, sir, I felt as if Bessie had caught me at last, and was leading me up to my Father to receive his forgiveness.

We did not leave the church until the service was over; and then we went together to her quiet home, not very far away—a lonely home, sir. There was no one to blame her for killing the fatted calf for sake of the prodigal.

And, sir, the wonder of my story is this—when I asked Bessie how I chanced to find her at Christ Church the very Sunday I went there, she answered—

"Whatever Sunday you had come, Tom, you would have found me there. I have never missed one since you went away."

And since then I've found out the reason. It was the only place she could ever hope to meet me. She thought I might come there, for remembrance of old times. So there she came. Whenever I think of it—I—I—

You'll excuse me, sir, I always lose my voice over that. She's still alive, and I shall see her to-night, please God. If I'm not a credit to the Hospital, it's my own fault; and if I'm not quite a disgrace, it's due to her.

And now I understand what Richard meant when he said, "God's love exceeds all human love, and when one thinks of hers, it teaches us how vast is his."

And so, good day, sir, good day, a pleasant holiday to you, and I hope you'll soon come this way again.

I. F.

OUR BUTTERFLIES; OR, THE PLEASURE-SEEKERS OF SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.

WE were taught, in childhood, to believe that everything in the world was created by the Divine Artificer for some wise purpose; nor do we venture, now we have reached our riper years, to abandon that infantile belief. Nevertheless, it is exceedingly difficult to discern the final cause of some existing phenomena. There are objects, which, though not decidedly obnoxious, are of very little or no practical utility. What purpose is subserved by the butterflies which flutter around the flowers of the garden? Their varicoloured wings are beautiful to the eye; their lively motions in the fields of air are graceful; and they afford pleasant sport for eager, hopeful, nimble youth; but their positive profitableness to the great world-field we have yet to discover. On and on they fly, from flower to flower, from garden to garden, until their short day is ended, and the summer closes, and the nipping frosts smite down the last survivor of the annual tribe.

So is it in the social world. There is a race of persons living, who, humanly speaking, are of no service to their generation. They look around on Nature, ever exerting herself to the utmost to replenish and enrich her sons; they look out on a busy world, where good and bad men are untiringly at work; they know their lot is cast in an age eminently characterised by progress; they see that their season of life on earth, at the best, is brief, and yet, with lamentable indifference, oblivious to their own present improvement and future well-being, as well as to the advantage of others, they spend life in indolence and diversion. They say with Shakespeare's King Lear:—

"So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news: and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out."

Thus sauntering in the intermediate realm between solid pleasure and scorching pain; now frivolously flitting from one gay scene to another, and then sluggishly reclining on the couch of sloth—their life is that of fools at large. The precious hours pass unimproved, the whole career is unprofitable, and when they drop into the tomb, their epitaph might well be that which John Foster suggested for an indolent man:—"Here lies a person who has lost nothing by being buried; for he is just as good a man under the ground as he was above it."

Perhaps you are acquainted with one or more of these social butterflies, in the quiet town or vil-

lage in which you dwell; if not, you are most fortunate, and we offer you our congratulations. London is the place, and May, with its three succeeding months, the time, in which to find the largest number of specimens. Then, when Nature robes herself in her fairest and sweetest dress, and Flora chooses from her casket her most gorgeous jewels, you will see some of God's creatures, not only competing with Nature in the grandeur of their garb, but turning away from her inviting charms to artificial pleasures and unhealthy riots. Week after week is filled up with egregious dissipation. If curiosity led you across the threshold of one of the brilliant saloons, a bewildering scene would be open to your gaze—a gay, gaudy throng striving, by the aid of flashing lights, and sweet music, to forget, from sunset to sunrise, their pecuniary cares, or personal jealousies, or heartaching disappointments, or heaven-appointed duties. Did you follow them to their homes at break of day, you would see them spend the hours in feverish slumber, and in anxious arrangement for the next night's folly. And then, when the season of fashion and finery terminates, the members of those vivacious companies are smitten with painful ennui; looking to the withered garlands and faded feathers with melancholy remembrances of the past, mingled with vain resolutions, and buoyant anticipations of the future. Alas! for what we have witnessed behind the scenes—the hours wasted in training pure-minded girlhood to be the slave of hypocrisy and the puppet of pleasure; to think supremely of appearances—to trust in tinsel to the neglect of mental and moral worth. It is sad to see mothers treating their daughters as though they were not rational beings—as though they had no important part to play in the solemn drama of life. It is grievous to find young women omitting to cultivate the intellect and emotions, but permitting thoughts of gay attire and giddy pastimes to become regnant in their minds. We would fain impress upon them, that there is something better than the restless, febrile excitement of social gatherings—that there is no ornament, however costly or chaste, equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. We would urge upon the attention of our mothers, sisters, and daughters, the words of Tertullian:—"Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion; let them adopt that chaste and simple,

that neat and elegant, style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions and fantastical draperies of dress, which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery all those mild, amiable, and modest virtues by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned."

But it is not alone among the gentler sex that social butterflies are found. Manliness blushes to record that there are vain, conceited simpletons called *men*, whose lives correspond with the picture above drawn. Rising late, they

"Take a world of pains
To prove that bodies may exist sans brains."

Their morning is devoted to fashion's form. As Carlyle says, "Every faculty of the soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well." When caparisoned and bejewelled, they saunter forth, with consequential air, to lisp away the afternoon in Pall Mall or the Row, and then spend the evening in frequenting varied tempting places of Bacchanalian amusement. Day after day the nauseous round is repeated, whilst the heart is unsatisfied and restless. Oh, it is a lamentable sight—a being made a little lower than the angels, in subjection to the world over which Heaven gave him dominion!—a God-breathed nature sold into captivity, the manhood quiescent, the majesty gone! The slave of Pompey's triumph whispered into the ear of his master, "Remember, thou art but a man." We could not address so much to the character we now describe. He is a *thing*, not a *man*; or, to employ the language of Young, "an immortal being, that has but two marks of a man about him—upright stature and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not."

By nothing thus advanced do we intend to depreciate legitimate rest and recreation. These nature claims, and often craves. The bow must now and then be unstrung, or it will soon be useless. The grand old Bible says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;" but medicinal draughts are only now and then taken. So long, as our amusements are derived from pure sources, and not indulged in to excess, there is no prohibition that need trouble us. Perhaps we have made too little provision, in the past, for the lawful recreation of our young people; and this may, in part, account for many going wrong. "The Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them. The chaplet of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ and given to mammon." But so long as we are not pursuing pleasure for its *own* sake,

but with a view to preparation for mere efficient discharge of our God-allotted work, so long we may seek it with a calm conscience. The sea is not all ripple. Beneath the laughing, dancing waves are the pacific, silent deeps. So, if there be solidity of character, we see no reasonable objection to occasional liveliness. Our remarks, however, are condemnatory of those Epicureans who live wholly *for* pleasure and *in* pleasure—to whom worldly mirth and worldly show are the grand goal. We cannot but denounce those who, like the gaudy butterfly, "the child of the sun," dream of nought but sportive hours and then—death!

Moreover, we egregiously mistake if we conclude that the votaries of pleasure are happy. To be endowed with beauty, bedecked with fashion, and surrounded by fairy enchantments, is not to possess a calm conscience and a joyous heart. Burroughs quaintly remarks, "One may have a very fine new shoe, but nobody knows where it pinches but he who hath it on." Ay, men often miss happiness in their eager search after pleasure. They gulp down week upon week without extracting any true delight. They remind us of the alderman, who turned from his turtle soup to a talkative companion, and said, "You most unconscionable fellow, your remark made me swallow a large piece of green fat without tasting it!" Homer says, in the vicinity of the throne of Jupiter are two urns, one of pain, the other of pleasure, of both of which all mortals must drink. Ah! the transition from one to the other is quickly made. Indeed, some mortals seem to drink of both urns at once; like the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, who was known whilst living to be "the most unhappy man on earth;" like Charles Matthews, who endured great pain whilst moving hundreds with laughter; or like the profligate young man who, appearing very cheerful, was addressed by a friend in the words, "I long to be as happy as you," and replied, "Do you? I am so wretched that I wish myself the dog at my feet." It is possible—

"To carry smiles and sunshine in the face
While discontent sits heavy at the heart."

The fact is, sin and sorrow are wedded—unholiness and unhappiness are counterparts of each other. Hence we are quite sure that the vain pleasure-mongers of society are strangers to substantial joy. They may be privileged with frequenting the sunny heights of learning, fame, wealth, and influence; but they cannot discover happiness there, so long as the unhallowed emotions of the heart are not allayed. With lawless appetites, and stormy passions in the breast, there *cannot* be peace. The pleasure attached to vice is but the ease with which the

soul descends to the dark haunts of tribulation. The joy of any man who loves not Jesus is but like a ray of sunshine through the bars of a prisoner's cell. The shepherd in Eastern fable sighed for a brook that in winter should not overflow, and in summer should not dry up, imagining if he could find it he would secure satisfaction. Each social butterfly, ay, every man, has some place or thing which occupies, in his estimation and aspiration, the place allotted the brook in the mind of the shepherd. Would that

it were understood that the religion of Christ alone can satisfy! The water Jesus gives is a well of water springing up to everlasting life. He who has it can look with tender compassion on his fellows, who roam among the flowers of life, or buzz round the brilliant luminaries of earth, and, raising the eye of gratitude to God can sing—

"From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss,
My soul is satisfied at home:
The Lord my portion is."

SONNET.—TO DEATH.

THOU soft-plumed, pitying angel, lovely
Death,
Clear-eyed with gazing on the Father's
beams,
In zealous watch for that all-quickening breath,
Which bids thee waken men from their dull
dreams—
Knowest thou, gentle Death, how joyfully
Pent souls look outward from their narrow prison,

To hail thy signal, growing silently
Out of faint twilight as a star new risen?
Open thy golden gate into the light,
And o'er the sapphire floor plucked roses fling;
But spare each plant defiled and sick with
blight—
If so forbearing thou obey the King—
Till it be washed with living waters bright,
And bourgeon to its heavenly blossoming.

F. W.

CHRIST ASLEEP.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"



NE does not see at a glance how the disciples merited so heavy a rebuke. The ship was covered with waves; it was filled with water, and they were in jeopardy. Is it wonderful that they were alarmed? They had watched and waited for the Saviour to arise and help them. Many a qualm of natural fear had they suppressed, or he would long since have been aroused from a slumber so strange and dangerous; but now things have reached a crisis, and they break upon his repose with various cries. "Lord, save us: we perish," exclaims one; another cries, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"—not meaning to imply heartless apathy, but merely want of attention; a third simply states the pressing danger, "Master, master, we perish." But in every case there is an appeal to him; amid raging winds and devouring waters they are not without hope from him who lay sleeping there; and instead of saying, as the shipmen to Jonah in similar peril, "Arise and call upon thy God," they are content to invoke his own power to deal with so tremendous and urgent a necessity. Perhaps if Christ had asked them, as he asked a suppliant once, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" not one of the disciples would have denied his power.

Yet the Saviour complains of their weakness: in Mark he even says, "How is it that ye have no faith?" And the reason is, not that they roused him up, or that one at least had used intemperate language in his terror; it is simply that they were fearful. Amid scowling skies and yawning waters they should have been firm and calm; for had not Jesus gone before them into the ship, and they followed him? Therefore they were safe in the vessel that shook at every buffet of the wave—safe as if they stood upon some rock of ages, and saw the proudest billow shivered into foam beneath their feet.

Here there are lessons for the Christian at all times:—

1. We are not exempt from trials, even in our providential path; for the storm burst, although they followed Christ into the ship. Let us not imagine that any amount of faith or obedience will make our path to heaven smooth for the spirit, or this life untroubled for the earthly part of us. This is not our rest, for it is polluted. God has no intention of making the wilderness brighter than the land of promise—the tabernacle of witness than the temple. Life here is typified by the stormy lake rather than the rippling river, unless in the case of those unhappy wan-

derers who are gliding down the river to the cataract.

Abraham had the torture of binding down his own son upon the altar of burnt sacrifice. David was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains by Saul, and afterwards driven from his throne by his spoiled child, whose death made the woe of victory more bitter than that of flight. Christ himself had not where to lay his head. Paul was in deaths oft, and thought that God set forth the apostles as a theatrical exhibition to the world and to angels. Who are we, then, that we should think of our religion as exempting us from the common lot of men? The Christian is bereaved as well as the sinner; nor is his business secure against competition, his harvest against blight, his body against disease. The old covenant said, "Never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." The new covenant says, "Take up thy cross;" and its disciples often have to say, "For him I have suffered the loss of all things."

Religion itself is often the cause of trouble in life, just as the disciples were caught by the storm because they were sailing along with Jesus. Persecution—especially the small but dreadful persecution of one's own hearth—is not yet dead. The intolerance of sect and faction is abroad and rampant still. Men have to lose their popularity, to offend their customers, their clients, or perhaps their congregations, if they will not prophesy smooth things. How people pray to be kept from such trials, shuddering and shrinking from the cold shadow of poverty or the icy touch of misrepresentation, and wondering that God says, "When thou passest through the waters they shall not overflow thee," instead of leaving them quietly upon the shore!

I do not say that the Christian loses much in this respect, for the world has its own troubles also; I only say that he is wrong if he expects to escape the common lot, even as a child is wrong who thinks his father should always carry him, instead of making him exercise his limbs. It is by the trial of our faith that our patience is to be wrought.

Other boats were tossed upon the same storm as this one, but the sailors along with Christ may have dreamed that no danger could come where he was found. They were mistaken.

2. We learn, again, that the absence of help is no reason for clamour or disquietude. We can easily picture the disciples' feelings for a while before our Lord was aroused. They saw the gathering squall, and longed to beg permission to go back; but remembering how clear was the expression of his will, persuaded themselves that he knew best, and the danger would pass away. So does a Christian think, if I altered my course

I might escape sorrow, shame, privation; but no, Christ has plainly sent me forward, and he will save me from suffering in his cause. Yet the suffering comes. The storm did burst upon their open boat, and they rowed hard and long in vain. All this time they expected him to arise and help them. Another sleeper, they think, would have started up in alarm long since; can it be that his miraculous gifts only produce supernatural indifference to our need of him? Their fears increase. "Yes," they think "*he* is safe, and knows not what danger means; whatever happens the vessel, his Father, of whom he speaks so much, will deliver him; but we are common mortals, and must force our claim on his attention—he must be awakened, or we perish." They waited until the very last moment, until the ship was full, but then there arose that sharp, reproachful cry of anguish by which his repose was broken.

And thus, to all but the most faithful Christians, a moment comes in sharp afflictions when the prayer of submission becomes the prayer of dictation and demand; when, instead of trusting our Lord to work as he thinks best, we cry out to him to work some particular deed, and to do it at once, or we must perish. There are prayers which simply mean: "I cannot bear this any longer; take thy plagues away from me; I am even consumed by reason of thy heavy hand." There are prayers which refuse to endure the furnace heat—prayers which say, "Not *thy* will but *mine* be done—prayers which impeach the fidelity of God, unless God will change his course, and heal our wound, or cheer our sadness, or deliver us from the bereavement that we fear.

3. Our proper course is, like theirs, to have faith in Christ's sympathising love, even when his providence gives no sign. They are not blamed for speaking to him of their trouble, nor even for arousing him from the toil-demanded slumber that was being snatched, amid the most unfavourable surroundings, by a worn-out frame. They are only reproved for going to him in a state of panic. Had they come in faith he would have thought upon that coming day when he himself offered up prayers and supplications with strong cries and tears, and for the sake of his own care sympathised with theirs and helped them. But think how much grander still would have been their trust had they gathered around his pillow, and felt that even while he slept they were under his wing—he was their keeper and protector always—and so awaited the result. How happy then would they have been when he arose in his majesty and love, and the eye that overawed the tempest beamed its approval upon their faith!

And for us, also, the evidence of Christ's sym-

pathy must not be sought in quick release from affliction. No, nor in any rapt and overwhelming sense of scorn for the sufferings of the body. There may be times when the Saviour gives no visible proof of his care for us, when there is no gleam breaking through the cloud to say that the sun still shines. If our Lord sees us trusting more in consolations than in him, he may take away the consolations, to show us the falseness of our confidence. Yet he does not really remove. When we ask where is he, that question is a proof that he is near. When we sigh for the Spirit to comfort us, the Spirit is working in that very sigh, whose sound is so forlorn and desolate.

Be content to know that he is always by, always sympathetic, always strong and wise, and having laid your desires before him with all earnestness, and yet with all submission, then be still, and see his salvation, and, though he tarry, wait for him.

To be delivered from the furnace is much; to glorify God in the fires is far, far more: and the richest promises are given to those who bear, and forbear, and do not tire. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires," saith the Lord.

4. But there is one more lesson of personal interest in this narrative. There is a great difference between the absolutely best thing, and the best thing under certain circumstances. The absolutely best was, that Israel should have been saved by Christ; yet the best thing when Israel rebelled was, not to gather her children like chickens under his wing, but give her up to the Gentiles, till their time shall be fulfilled. Now Christ always does for his people the best thing he can do under the circumstances; but we may create circumstances that force him to treat us far worse than the absolutely best; and thus we may lose much, very much, by our own conduct to the Saviour.

For my part, I never read this story without longing to know what Christ meant to do if he had been undisturbed? Would he have slept on, and simply let the tempest die away? would he have arisen presently, unsummoned? would some voice from heaven have spoken? or would angels have ministered to his safety, as at other times to his strength? We do not know; we shall never know in this world. The impatience of the disciples made it cruel for him to delay longer, and their unbelief would have been confirmed if the storm had ceased of itself. They forced upon him a change of action, and perhaps they robbed the Church of a great lesson.

Let us learn the moral. Sorrow is sent us to discipline, to refine, to chasten our belief; and

there is much that can only be done by a long exposure to the white heat of trial. Now, if we are not resigned, although we be not unbelieving, there may be too much hazard in the operation. We may pray so importunately for release that longer torture would shake down our faith to the foundation, and God may give us our heart's desire, and send leanness withal into our souls. We sometimes wonder why the great saints are almost always the most severely tried; and one reason is doubtless this, they alone will submit to the close and sweeping use of the pruning-knife by which to be made very fruitful.

5. Finally, there is teaching here for the whole body, as well as for each member—the Church, as well as individuals within its pale. People sometimes argue as if a Church were not sound unless it has peaceful and prosperous times. Dissenters sometimes point to the fierce commotions that are distracting the Church, and ask, Is that a Christian state of things? And churchmen sometimes watch the convulsions and distractions of dissent with a sad smile of very unreal superiority in that respect. The Romanist is sure to argue from the tranquillity of Rome, as if we never heard of Jansenists and Jesuits, or Dominican and Augustan brawls. In truth, the ark of Christ's Church is destined to be tossed upon stormy seas, which only his Divine voice, heard once more as across that Galilean tempest, can ever charm into repose.

And in our troublous and stormy times, when infidelity and superstition beat upon our bulwarks and over them; when the ship itself is once more filling with water and we are in jeopardy; when the arms of the rowers are very weary, and the lightning-flashes show us no sacred form treading upon the foam to save us, it well becomes us to remember that Christ may be with us in our little ark itself, although we behold him not, or he seem to us as one that slumbers: for a while—only for a while. Controversies shall not affright us; the floods of ungodly men shall not make us afraid; for we know that One is among us, and upon our side, who can quell the rage of this flood also with a word, and make its surges die down to the stillness of an infant's slumber: and he will do it by-and-by. In "the church of the future which all hearts forebode," there will not be fightings without and fears within, but the most serene tranquillity, the most unclouded safety, and no sterner sound than that of the cloven waters which hiss under a prosperous prow. For that time we wait, and work, and pray. At times it seems very near, and at times terribly remote, as the signs of awakening seem to be discernible, or the immovable Master gives no token.

But this we know, that troubles are no token of desertion to the Church, nor adversity of ship-



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"Never mind your marbles,
Labour while you can."—p. 218.

wreck; and that after a while He will arise in his calmness and his majesty, and there shall be a great hush upon the atmosphere and the lake, and the barque shall reach the haven where the over-

wearied mariners would be. Let us not cry out nor be impatient, but in faith and submission remember that our times, and all times, are in his hands.

NEVER MIND A PINCH.

NEVER mind a pinch, boy,
 Never mind a pinch;
 Set the wedge the closer;
 Heroes never flinch!
 Mind it fits the cleft, boy,
 Firm, and tight, and strong;
 Ne'er to worthy labour
 Did indolence belong.
 What if frequent effort
 Frequent failure seems?
 From narrowest mountain springlet
 The mountain torrent streams.

Then lift the mallet high, boy,
 Strike it like a man;
 Never mind your marbles,
 Labour while you can.

See, the rift grows wide, boy,
 Deeper sinks the wedge,
 There's your sturdy block, boy,
 Split from edge to edge!
 Then never mind a pinch, boy,
 Labour while you can,
 Fit your wedge the closer,
 And strike it like a man.

"JUILLET."

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

WHEN Captain Oglvie got clear of the house, he looked round in every direction to see if he could catch a glimpse of the fugitive. But though the leafage was yet but a cloud of tender green on each individual tree, he could see but a little way down the tortuous walks, for the closeness of the stems and the luxuriant growth of evergreens which rose every here and there to intercept the view. He took, however, the narrowest and most tortuous path, as the one most likely to conceal the thief of the letter, and was soon himself concealed among its towering shrubs. There he stood still for a little and listened; but he could hear nothing for the singing of the birds, whose gleeful little throats he would have stopped on the instant; and could Peggy have seen his face just then, with its expression of murderous rage towards these harmless creatures, because they seemed to conspire to baffle his pursuit, her heart would have known no relenting towards him for evermore. It was no use standing still to listen, so he soon went on again at a swinging pace.

"By this time he has either destroyed or secreted it," he said to himself. "If the former, it does not so much matter, and if the latter, it must be somewhere out of doors here, or about his person. Out of doors here, I dare say it would be safe enough; I can keep watch on him for a day or two, and perhaps discover it, and, if he has it, I'll make him give it up;" and he set his teeth as he strode along.

At length he caught a glimpse of the object of

his search emerging from among the trees, and, with stealthy aspect, taking a nearly parallel path towards the house. It was easy work to cut off his retreat by crossing the ground, and this was what Captain Oglvie did, for the poor fellow was stealing along, in his shambling way, even more slowly than usual. But as soon as he saw his enemy, and the expression of the captain's face was not disguised for his benefit, he turned and fled. He was in the path that led to the gate, and he made directly for it, and into the unknown country beyond. There was the gleam of the river, and, with the captain following behind, he made straight towards it. But, with his shambling gait, and limbs unaccustomed to the exercise, he could not escape. His pursuer made up to him, caught him, and detained him with no gentle grasp.

There was a short but desperate struggle, and the weakling had the best of it. For one thing, his hideous outcries unnerved Horace Oglvie, who was endeavouring to find his letter by tearing open with one hand the poor creature's vest, within which he was in the habit of concealing his treasures, while he held him with the other.

Then Sir Alexander, as might have been expected, was not scrupulous, and began to use those natural weapons, his teeth, and his antagonist quitted his hold in horror, when he felt that they were about to close upon his hand.

Miss Oglvie, who had followed a wrong path at first, had, guided by the cries, come up in time to see the last of the painful scene.

Sir Alexander had set off again in the direction of

the river, and Captain Oglivie was standing still. The river was full to the brim, for the sun had not yet drunk of it, and the snows had newly melted on the hills.

"He will fall in!" were the first words Peggy spoke, as she came up to the captain. "Oh, Horace! save him!"

"I could not hold him," he answered, hoarsely; and the thought flashed through his mind that it would not be his fault if he fell into the river and was drowned. "You saw that I could not hold him." At the same time he started off again.

As he did so, the hapless Sir Alexander turned and saw his pursuer, and faster than before hastened on to destruction.

"I am driving him to it!" thought Horace Oglivie, but still he went on, not any longer in wrath or passion, but driven himself, as it were, to be the instrument of death to him towards whom he had, but a moment before, felt the murderous intent. His heart seemed to stand still as he was borne along—to stand still at the bar of conscience, listening to the strange "guilty or not guilty?" The one emotion which he felt was suspense. But it was with a face of genuine horror that he stood on the river-bank, and saw the turbid water broken by the leap of his wretched relative, and the rapid current bearing him hopelessly out of reach. He looked the picture of despair. Peggy had never seen such a look on human face before, and her heart went out to him who could suffer thus. For there was no need to act. The catastrophe had had another witness, who was already acting, and to better purpose than was possible to either of them.

David Haldane was already in the middle of the stream. He had made a leap lower down almost as soon as Sir Alexander fell, for he had seen his wild intent, and was prepared for its consequences, though he had been too far off to prevent it. He had sprung upon one of the huge stones that strewed the stream, sometimes loose, sometimes shelving out from the bank. It was covered now; the amber water, coloured with the peat-mosses of the mountains from whence it came, was rushing over it more than a foot high; while on the further side a strong current, of drowning depth, was running doubly fast. It was into this depth that the stream was bearing the drowning man. Even over the great stone on which David Haldane knelt, the water, shallow as it was, was careering with a force which it took all his strength to resist. He had just time to secure his position there, and stretch out his arm, when the body, covered, but not sunk, was whirled past. He stretched out his arm, and caught it—a few inches farther out, and it would have been beyond his reach. As it was, he had a terrible struggle to stand his ground, and raise it sufficiently. Then Captain Oglivie, obeying his order, came to his assistance, and together they dragged it up the shelving rock, and through the shallow, and laid it on the bank.

It appeared that nothing worse than a wetting had happened to Sir Alexander. It had all been done so

rapidly, that he was sitting up and beginning to stare about him by the time Miss Oglivie reached the group. Captain Oglivie had left her side when Haldane shouted to him for help, and she had stood with clasped hands and bated breath watching the rescue. Now she knelt down beside the poor creature, who began to tremble and to cry like a child. The two men stood over him ready to help, while Peggy tried to soothe him by holding his cold wet hands in hers.

But first she had thanked his deliverer. It was but by a look, but a look eloquent with grateful praise. She had recognised him at once: she could not fail to do so, for his brown locks were bare, their wonted covering, a Highland bonnet, like a miniature canoe, was dancing down to the sea, the sport of the brimming Strathie. But he had not recognised her till she came near, so intent had been his occupation with the object before him, and his recognition was eager and demonstrative. He named her, and held out, not one hand, but both. It was not that he meant her to take them, for the next moment he was thrusting them awkwardly through his hair, but the gesture was full of meaning: it spoke the man's whole heart going forth toward the supreme object of its desire.

He had been taken off his guard; and no wonder that it was so, for it was of her he had been thinking as he came up the bank of the river—of her who was further removed from him than ever—almost hopelessly beyond his reach, indeed. Then his head was swimming with intensity of effort, and the rush of the water was in his ears, as if he had still been looking down into its depths, to snatch from it its prey—the life of a fellow-creature. He was thoroughly off his guard, and what had become the ruling passion of his life was visible for a moment in look and act.

In kneeling down by Sir Alexander, Peggy had not noticed either look or gesture; but Captain Oglivie had noticed both, and a pang of jealousy was added to the other sensations, which he was that day doomed to feel. He looked from one to the other, and thought as he looked, "These two understand each other."

They did not understand each other according to his meaning; but the great charm which each might have found in the other—which David Haldane had found in Peggy Oglivie—was the possibility of understanding, and being understood. And it was to David Haldane that Peggy turned for help as she said, "Let us try and get him to go home, and it may do him no harm." Then she added, "It is no use thanking you, Mr. Haldane; you seem to be the good genius of the place: you are always at hand to help."

The words were gall and wormwood to her other listener; and just then Sir Alexander, looking round, caught sight of him, and gave utterance to one of his cries of alarm and rage. He suffered David Haldane, however, to assist him to his feet, and Peggy took hold of his hand to lead him away.

David was now on his guard again, and he said, quietly, "Are you sure it is quite safe?"

"Quite safe for me," she answered; "but he may try to escape. You had better follow me with Captain Oglivie."

A slight introduction, to which each responded rather stiffly, and the two men were following Peggy and her dripping companion toward the gate, both of them well drenched, and David Haldane hatless.

Once within the gate, Sir Alexander did make his escape, but to the relief of the whole party he made his way directly to the house, and following him quickly, but still at a distance, they saw him enter. Then David Haldane halted and announced his intention of turning back.

"But you are thoroughly wet," said Peggy. "Come up to the house and get dried."

He smiled. She was thoroughly ignoring the necessities of the case.

"Perhaps I can assist you," said the captain. "I can lend you a hat, at least."

"I have been in a worse plight than this," he said, carelessly. "I will turn back."

Peggy would have pleaded—had raised her eyes to his for the purpose—but he had become suddenly constrained and cold. He had been thrown off his guard, and now he was holding to it firmly, and looking thus in consequence. "Ah," she thought, "he will not come—he will not, willingly, come near me any more," and she held out her hand to him wistfully.

"Good-bye," was all he said, and with a second and still stiffer bow to the captain, he turned back to the gate.

"Boorish," muttered Horace Oglivie: but his companion neither heard nor heeded. She was walking on beside him, with trembling steps, and a sad, white face: and he, too, said nothing further, but marched up to the house in silence. It was no wonder he was silent, for his mind was occupied with two distinct trains of thought, or rather two distinct thoughts lying one over the other. That he was an injured individual was the uppermost—that he had been saved from a lifelong haunting horror, was the one he tried to keep under. And it was the former that rose to his lips, as they were about to enter the house.

"So you have thrown me over for that man," he said.

"Horace!"

He repeated the words that had stung her.

"It is all the other way," she answered, in a low, passionate tone.

"And you repent it?"

"It is possible that I may," she answered, deliberately lifting her eyes to his face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GRATITUDE.

THE elder Haldane was evidently in a genial mood. When he was in a genial mood, he was not above a little mild jocoseness with the people about him; and in this humour he had gone about the place all day. He had ignored signs of remissness here and

there, made light of difficulties, and praised praiseworthy efforts, in a way that spread good humour over the whole establishment: for of late the old man had been gloomy and irritable—more gloomy and irritable than his nephew had ever known him to be.

The death of his old enemy had strangely affected him. He could never triumph over this man now. He could never stand face to face with him again, and tell him, "Long ago—perhaps so long ago that you have forgotten all about it—you took advantage of your position to injure me; now our positions are reversed." This was what he had longed all his life to do—this had become a purpose tenaciously and secretly held: and now it could never be accomplished. But still he had desired to stand face to face with Gilbert Oglivie again, and that he had resolved to do.

It had been easy to accomplish his wish without observation. In that part of the country it is held almost an obligation of friendship to look upon the face of the dead, and up to the day of the funeral it is expected that all who have known the deceased will pay this mark of respect to the remains. There had been few to pay the tribute to Gilbert Oglivie, but among them, though not of them, was old Haldane. On the morning of the funeral he had carried out his intention. He knew that the women of the family would be in strict seclusion, according to Scotch custom, and, as it happened, no one had seen him but a hired mourner, who had admitted him to the house, and ushered him into the sacred presence. He was not a man who analysed his motives, but he repented him of the act as soon as it was done. The pure, passionless repose of the dead rebuked his enmity. He was forced, in spite of himself, to bow to the majesty before him, and to go forth from its presence feeling his own littleness. Not a pleasant sensation to a man who had been all his life feeling his own greatness, and the man who rises step by step, as old Haldane had risen, is ever feeling his relative greatness—his power to fill a higher position. It is the ensnaring temptation of such men to keep growing in their own esteem. So he had been very gloomy and morose for some time, and the black spot had burned at his heart. It was because of what was good in him that he felt it as a sore. A man devoid of generous feeling would have gone on hating, without so much as knowing that he did so. But this man was by no means devoid of generous feeling; therefore, his mood had been bitter to himself and others.

But just because his mood had brightened, his nephew held aloof from him that day, being himself, just then, rather averse to outward brightness. It was evening before they met—night indeed, considering the early hours the house usually kept—and the old man had had his tumbler, rendering him more jocose than ever. He began at once to rally his nephew, and, as is usually the case, he chose the most aggravating subject that there was to choose between them.

"Well, Daavid, what are ye thinkin' about—bringin' hame a young mistress?"

"Time enough," answered his nephew, smiling, and trying hard not to be annoyed. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure, you know."

"Ay, ay, that's well enough in a sense; but somebody may step in before ye. If ye've chosen a lass to ye're liking, be quick about it, man."

"You seem to have made up your mind that I must marry," said the young man; "it is by no means certain that I shall."

"The house will be ready," said his uncle; "I've bought it."

"What house?"

"I've bought Delaube," was the answer.

"Has Miss Oglvie sold it?"

"You mean the grandchild: it was never hers to sell."

"Whose was it then?" said the young man, eagerly.

"Her father's, and he parted with his interest in it long ago."

"But her father is supposed to be dead."

"Dead or no dead, it's mine," said old David, in a tone of exultation. "Gilbert Oglvie had signed the papers too, and on his death the property fell into the hands of the man who lent the money to his son. It's mine now, and I mean to live there. It's an easy ride to the works, and I would like a little grandeur in my old days."

His nephew regarded him with astonishment.

"I mean to set up a carriage. Why shouldn't I?" he said, seeing the look of astonishment growing at every word. "I'm rich enough for that now." He had risen in his energy, and was walking up and down the room. "You could easily ride over here every morning."

"What! leave the works altogether?" said the nephew.

"Yes, you don't think I'm going to live up there all by myself," said the uncle.

"I would greatly prefer remaining where I am," said the former, rather ungratefully. "You know I could look after things better on the spot," he added, unwilling to appear ungracious to the old man; "but for you, I think, sir, you have earned more of ease and comfort than you can find here."

"Things will go on here well enough without you," replied the old man, a little discontentedly. "I don't mean that there isn't plenty to do, but the main thing has been done for you, David; and," he added, coming up, and laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "I would jist like to see ye marry, lad. I dinna want ye to lead the mill-horse life I've led. I would like to see your bairns afore I dee yet."

The young man was profoundly touched. "Don't say any more about it, uncle," he said. "I'm not given to love-making, and my first trial has not been successful. It will most likely be my last."

His uncle walked up and down a little longer, regarding him with a queer expression. "I know who it is that has jilted you."

"Nobody has jilted me."

"I know who it is," he repeated, regardless of the interruption: "it's that girl o' Oglvie's. Her friends ha'e ta'en her in at last, and she thinks she'll be a great heiress; but she's mista'en there: she'll never ha'e a penny!"

"Stop, uncle!" cried the young man, rising; "I will not hear another word. You know nothing whatever about it!"

Perversely enough, old David Haldane, who was ready to vow that he would rather have seen his nephew marry a beggar from the streets than a daughter of the Oglvies, was very wrath at Peggy for fittin' him, as he persisted in calling it.

"I'll say no more about it, David, my man," he said, overlooking the outburst of temper on his nephew's side, "after this night I'll say no more about it. Something o' the same happened to me in my young days, and a' through Gilbert Oglvie. It made me what I am. I never could look at anither, and I never could look at her again. But you'll be twice the man I am lad, and I advise you to look out for a wife. Anybody will be welcome to me except an Oglvie. I couldn't stomach that. I would rather leave my money to found a charity, than that it should go to ony wi' that bad blood in their veins. I'm glad ye've gien up the idea o' her, at any rate."

"But I haven't given up the idea," said his nephew, who had allowed him to go on uninterrupted, for one reason, that the old man had never before alluded to his own misfortune, and his listener's sympathy and interest was roused.

"Not given up the idea! surely you would never ask a woman twice," said his uncle, sharply. Instead of an answer, his nephew put a question, but he put it gently.

"Uncle, in the matter of which you spoke, would you have allowed any one to interfere with you?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"Then can't you see that it is not likely that I will let anybody interfere with me? I will never give up the idea as long as I can honestly keep it, any more than you would have done in my place, and though it seems a long way out of my reach at present—"

"There'll be as good as her within your reach. I tell you, David, you may marry the proudest lady in the land some day; and she has a good chance of being a beggar," said the old man, with the persistence of age.

"You seem to know more about her than I do."

"I ken more than most," was the answer; "but we'll say no more about that."

"Only remember, uncle," said the younger David, motioning to retire, "that I will act in this, as I believe you yourself would have acted, uninfluenced by anything you have said to-night."

"You mean you would break with me for the sake of this girl?" said the old man, fiercely—he was not of the whining order.

"No, I should leave that to you," answered his nephew, holding out his hand. "Good night."

"Good night."

"If he had only been my son, I might have forced him to obey me," thought the imperious fortune-maker; "as it is, he may go and leave me at the last, after all I have done for him;" and the old man's heart grew bitterer than ever, and he said to himself, "There is no such thing as gratitude on earth."

It was through the hands of his agent in Bleak-town that David Haldane had transacted the business of purchasing Delaube, and the said agent had long been watching for it, or any of the adjoining land, to come into the market, with instructions from his client to buy it up at any price. He had bought it, however, for no very extravagant sum, and his client was highly satisfied. It only remained to put him in possession, and the agent had had his instructions to

warn out the present occupiers. He now had further instructions that it was to be done as quietly as possible, and without, for the present, allowing his client's name to appear.

The agent, accordingly, sent down a trustworthy individual, instructed to deal with the parties concerned about the effects of Gilbert Oglivie, to look after the transfer of the estate and the removal of the personal property; all of which he would have accomplished very quietly indeed, but that the guardian of the domain, who held the front entrance permanently barricaded in the absence of her young mistress, on learning the object of his mission, absolutely refused admittance.

(To be continued.)

TOM FELLOWES'S LARK.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

H, bother! there goes the bell. Never mind, though, there's five minutes' grace allowed us; and I think I could manage to tell you all about it in that time."

"Oh, yes, yes," exclaimed several voices together; "you really must tell us—"

"Like a good Fellowes," added another, to which persuasive sentiment came a universal echo.

"Ah, that wretched pun again," cried Tom. "I've a great mind now to keep you all in the dark till the evening, as a penance for it. Well, then, I won't," added he, as several modified yells of disappointment escaped his hearers; "I'll let you off this time, only pray don't make that awful row, or you'll make me feel quite nervous."

Tom Fellowes sat on the playground wall, dangling his legs backwards and forwards, his heels performing the part of puny battering-rams against the brick and mortar that enthroned him above the uplifted faces of his schoolfellows. Tom's exalted situation was not inappropriate to his position in the school. As truly as there was never yet a school without a hero, so truly was Tom Fellowes the paragon of St. Philip's. He was by no means a model for good conduct, or studious application, or, I regret to say, he would not have been so popular in the playground, but in all kinds of pranks and mischief, or, as the boys had it, "larks," Tom decidedly carried away the palm. We must do him the credit to say that he never wished to hurt the feelings of those against whom he transgressed. "The fun of the thing" was all he cared or thought about. Still this was a very grave fault, and did not lessen the ill effects of his larks one jot, for, as a namesake of Tom's says—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

But we should not stay to quote the poets while so great and important a revelation is pending, and the boys are almost on tiptoe to catch the first syllable

that will dissolve the mystery under which they are agonising.

"Well, as you are quiet again, here goes. I'll open fire with a solemn catechism. Who knows Cherry-bob Orchard?"

Tom was immediately overwhelmed with an ocean of "I do," "So do I," "I should think I did," "Well, and what then?"

"Order, order! I'll tell you in good time. Has any one seen old Cherrybob these last few days?"

A general chorus of noes.

"Of course you haven't," pursued Tom. "And I know why. He's gone away for good; and left behind him the jolliest crop of apples and pears that ever grew in that orchard—such apples!—my eye!—and such pears, too! Wouldn't I like to have a go at them, if I could, this identical moment!" and here Tom went through a pantomime expressive of what he would do under those blissful circumstances. "Well, as I said before, old Cherrybob has gone for good; and the best of it is, nobody's come to take possession as yet; so I move that to-night we go and get a regular tuck-in, for we mayn't have such a chance again for many a day to come. And then, you know," added Tom, "it won't be like regular orchard-filching, because, you see, nobody's come yet to own the place; and there's not even a servant there to take care of it: and what's nobody's must be everybody's, and what's everybody's must be ours. And then," concluded our orator, in his most eloquent style—"and then, who is there will dare to prevent us from taking our own?—not even the Queen, nor the Lord Chancellor, nor the Lord Mayor of London, either!"

This wonderful little piece of sophistry had an amazing effect on the boys; and some of the most convinced were for taking the orchard, by storm immediately after school. Then Tom, like a wise president, saw the necessity of checking the impetuosity of his council.

"Not so fast, my young friends, not so fast; there is no occasion for this terrific hurry. We must do our business discreetly, as becometh sage heroes. Suppose old Joe the constable were to take it into his head that we had no right to our share of the spoil, we might get into a jolly row, when there is no need for it. Now, I vote that we meet at the mill end of the common at seven o'clock sharp this evening. From there we will start for the orchard, and if we get back by eight o'clock, I think we shall have satisfied all reasonable stomachs."

Here the voice of one of the monitors was heard calling them in under awful penalties, and Tom, descending from his throne, retreated into school and to his class, where he held a much less distinguished position.

I am sure that not one half of the boys could afterwards tell how they managed to scramble through their lessons. Metaphorically speaking, their heads were full of apples and pears, and consequently not over much room was left for the reception of Latin syntax or Greek verbs. But all things come to an end, even afternoon school, and mightier than usual were the shouts of joy that proclaimed to the world around St. Philip's that cramming and construing were over for one day at least.

Oh, happy Mr. Cherrybob! or rather Mr. Cherrybob, how happy you *might* feel, did you know how fervently the youthful hearts of St. Philip's blessed your departure! Already in the joy of anticipation have they voted you no end of "bricks," bricks enough—again metaphorically speaking—to build you as extensive a mansion as you would desire, in which to pass the rest of your years in peace! For now the school clock is banging out the hour of seven, and a knot of eager boys have assembled at the appointed spot on the common. Tom Fellowes is there, and during the last five minutes has been actively engaged in haranguing his tiny army.

"All right, then; as you've chosen me captain, I mean to have strict discipline, or I'll resign my commission. Now we must go quietly; not that we should sneak or skulk along though. Let's go four abreast: that's your style, comrades. Ready? Then—quick march!"

It was an unusual and lonely road down which they struck, and it was not the most direct way to Cherrybob Orchard. They did not anticipate meeting any one down there, and they were not a little surprised at seeing a tall figure come suddenly into view and then stop, as if waiting for them, close by the orchard. Tom called a halt; and they remained some moments in silence, peering at the unwelcome intruder. Then one of them exclaimed, "Ah, I know who it is; it's our football friend."

"So it is," echoed Tom. "Well, I don't believe he would harm us—he's much too jolly for that. Remember, how he begged leave to have a game with us, and what a splendid player he turned out too—sending the ball spinning leagues away at a touch. He's quite a stranger in the place, and I'm sure if we tell him all about it he won't be for spoiling our fun."

So Tom gave the word, and they marched on until they came up with the stranger, who greeted them with, "Good evening, gentlemen. Out on parade, I see; how do you style your regiment—'St. Philip's Own,' eh?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Tom; "nothing of that kind. In fact—we don't mind telling you, sir—we're in for a jolly lark."

"A jolly lark, eh? And may I ask what kind of a bird this particular 'lark' is like?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, it's Cherrybob's orchard," answered Tom; "at least, you know, sir, it is *not* Cherrybob's orchard now, and that's just the fun, because," continued our young commander, in his most impressive style, "no one has come to live there at the house yet, and so, if it's nobody's in particular, it must be everybody's in general; and then, of course, no one has a right to say we fellows mayn't have a shy at it."

"In that case, certainly," said the stranger, "you have a perfect right to scour the whole orchard; but suppose that you are mistaken; suppose that some one *does* own the orchard, and has taken possession without your knowing it—what then, my boy?"

"Oh, I never thought of that," said thoughtless Tom. "Well, never mind, I don't care; we're not coming all the way here, and making all this great shine for nothing: in for a penny in for a pound!" concluded our dauntless sage, putting his hands in his pockets with an air of great determination. Then suddenly an idea struck him, and he asked, "What would you say, sir, to coming along with us?"

"Well, it is very kind of you to invite one whom you scarcely know; but I have no objection—besides, I may be of some service to you in your campaign, for I just happen to know the ins and outs of that particular orchard, stranger though I am. In fact, I don't mind confessing that I have taken some of the fruit myself, though under different circumstances. Now you must follow me wherever I go, and then you will have a better chance of safety."

"Very well, sir," answered all the boys, who were already beginning to feel alarmed, and had their doubts of the righteousness of their proceedings, but were determined not to be disappointed of their anticipated feast.

"You are all willing and determined to go," asked the stranger once more, "whoever owns the orchard?"

"Yes—yes, sir," was the hurried answer on all sides. "And we must be quick about it," added Tom, "or we shall not be back by eight o'clock."

"Stay," said one of the boys, "I for one will not go, for we don't know whose the orchard might be. I don't think it's quite right, after all."

"Oh, humbug!" was Tom's reply. "But if you do like to sneak away, I am sure you are quite welcome to do so. It's only a lark, after all."

"Lark or no lark, I think it's wrong to go, and I'll have none of it, and I'd advise you to think better of it."

"Your advice, Saint Jim," retorted Tom, "is

worthy to be adopted only by your worthy self. If you are going, hook it, and lose your apples, that's all I have to say."

"Have the rest of you decided to go on?" the stranger asked, as Jim walked slowly up the road.

"Of course, we have," said the ready spokesman, and "of course" the echo came, though not very enthusiastically.

"Then follow me."

Easily said, but not so easily done. It appeared necessary to squeeze through a labyrinth of hedges of blackthorn, which pricked and scratched their hands and faces in most ruthless fashion, and made sad havoc with their jackets and trousers, and occasionally they found themselves almost hopelessly floundering in unlooked-for bogs; and many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" would have escaped the lips of the less plucky of the company, had it not been for the abject fear which was creeping over them, and a guilty consciousness that they had no right to complain. At last they were within the orchard, and were about to repay themselves handsomely for their toils and pains, when they espied coming towards them a man, evidently the gardener, who was bearing down upon them in such a manner (for they were all in a corner), that escape was all but impossible. Nevertheless, Tom made a scramble for it up the high wall, but missed his footing, and came heavily to the ground. Others were wildly following his example, when the stranger cried, in a voice of thunder, "Stop!"

They were at once transfixed to the spot, their eyes dilating upon their "football friend," who repeated the command, "Stop!" and nodded to the gardener to go away.

"Now, boys," said the stranger, "you are here at last, and very much you wish yourselves elsewhere, I have no doubt. I have not introduced myself to you before; however, I will do so now. I am the owner of this orchard."

All eyes opened very wide, and then dropped down to a study of sundry pairs of muddy boots.

"Now I hope you feel that if you got your deserts, you would all be soundly punished—there, don't be alarmed, I will not add anything to what you have already suffered in fear and scratches. And I also hope that in future you will not be afraid, when you want fruit, to ask for it, and not delude yourselves with convenient suppositions and arguments, which look very fair at a great distance, but which will not bear any close inspection. I trust this will be a lasting lesson to you; for, depend upon it, boys, the moment you get out of the right road, you can never know what bogs and thorns you may not get into and amongst. That is the way out; you may go now."

The crestfallen band needed no second bidding. Poor Tom, however, could scarcely move; he had sprained his ankle in the fall from the wall. He

would not accept the invitation given him to rest in the house, but, leaning on the shoulder of one of them, limped off. It was an unpropitious thing for him, that failure, and that leaning and limping. The boys thought he was not such a hero, after all. From that time his sovereignty departed for ever, and was transferred to "Saint Jim," who the next day received the jolliest hamper-full of apples and pears, which he generously divided out to his schoolmates, amidst cheers for their "football friend." Jim forgave, but did not forget, poor Tom, who was confined within doors on account of his sprained ankle: he gave him a fair share of the fruit. Poor Tom! he was fairly overcome, and would on no account have been seen as he munched those apples, for the tears were rolling down his cheeks all the time—not because of the pain of his ankle, but because of the repentance of his heart.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 96.

"Sarah."—Gen. xxiii. 1.

1. Shuttle Job vii. 6.
2. A sp Deut. xxxii. 33.
3. Rainbow Gen. ix. 13.
4. A haziah 2 Kings i. 2, 3.
5. H azazel 1 Kings xix. 15.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 96.

"The hour is coming."—John v. 25.

1. T eresh Esth. ii. 21.
2. H ilkiah 2 Kings xxii. 14.
3. E liezer Exod. xviii. 4.
4. H aman's Esth. vii. 10.
5. O phrah Judg. vi. 11.
6. U ri's Exod. xxxv. 30.
7. R ehoboam 1 Kings xiv. 27.
8. I rijah Jer. xxxvii. 13.
9. S helomith's Lev. xxiv. 10 and 11.
10. C abul 1 Kings ix. 13.
11. O thniel Judg. iii. 10.
12. M ahanaïm 2 Sam. xvii. 27.
13. I ra 1 Chron. xi. 40.
14. N eriah's Jer. xxxvi. 4.
15. G ezer 1 Kings ix. 16 and 17.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE WHOSE UPRIGHT CONDUCT SECURED HIM A HIGH POSITION IN A PERSIAN COURT.

1. One who was encouraged by his wife to trust in God.
2. A Jewish measure.
3. The place where one was born, resided, died, and was buried.
4. Where an image was set up.
5. One who purposed to slay his brother at his father's death.
6. A chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth.
7. A robber.
8. An archer in the wilderness of Paran.